

DISFIGURING HUMOR.

Brushed Scales from Face Like Powder—Doctor Said Lady Would Be Disfigured for Life.

CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS.

"I suffered with eczema all over my body. My face was covered; my eyebrows came out. I had tried three doctors, but did not get any better. I then went to another doctor. He thought my face would be marked for life, but my brother-in-law told me to get Cuticura. I washed with Cuticura Soap, applied Cuticura Ointment, and took Cuticura Resolvent as directed. I could brush the scales off my face like powder. Now my face is just as clean as it ever was.—Mrs. Emma White, 641 Cherrier Place, Camden, N. J., April 25, '05."

In the course of an address to students on one occasion Lord Kelvin, the great British scientist, uttered this epigram: "The end of education is twofold—first, to help man to earn a living, and second, to make his life worth living."

Ward Seminary, Nashville, Tenn., offers your girl a first-class education at cost. Patrons get the profit. You can't get so much for the money elsewhere.

Better is it to draw eight dollars a week salary and sleep under the counter of the store than to have millions of money to make a monthly magazine holiday.—Minneapolis Journal.

Red Cross Ball Blue should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

When a man is weighed by others he is usually found wanting to dispute the figures.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

DIDN'T MARRY THE COOK.

Luncher in Love with Pie Wanted to Secure the Maker Thereof.

"By gosh! this is fine pie; the kind that mother used to make!" gleefully exclaimed the tall, lank easterner standing before the lunch counter, as he put away his third portion, when the train stopped 15 minutes for refreshments at a little station in the far west. "Let me have another piece of that apple pie, waiter. It's all right, you can bet!" he drawled, with a feeling of deep satisfaction.

After he had disposed of the fourth slice, says the New York Times, the New Englander turned to the waiter and said: "Say, boss, that was the best pie I've eaten since I left home. I swore I'd never get married. But, by gosh! I'd like to make pie like that can be my wife. Bring on the cook, and by heavens! I'll marry her."

"Do you mean it?" asked the waiter, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Every word of it," answered the pie enthusiast.

The waiter disappeared into the kitchen, returning a minute later leading a slant-eyed and pigtailed Chinaman with a bland smile upon his face. "This is the cook, boss," he said. "It's up to you."

Amid the roar of laughter from the other passengers the poor New Englander rushed back to the train.

REMINDED HIM OF HOME.

Rough Weather on the Ocean Made Kansan Think He Was Back on the Farm.

A Kansan crossing the Atlantic in rough weather went out on deck when a big gale was blowing. Nobody was in sight except the captain, relates the Kansas City Journal.

"Go below there," the captain shouted. The passenger looked around to see whom he was talking to.

"You mean me?" he yelled back when he saw there was no one else in sight.

"Of course I do," go below," and the captain came alongside.

"Well, I guess not," protested the Kansan. "I'm up here to see how one of your mountain-high waves and 'terrible gales' compare with what we have in Kansas in the way of cyclones. This ain't a patch to the way I've seen our way."

A big wave broke over the deck, sweeping the Kansan aft. They picked him up with a broken leg, a twisted shoulder, a sprained wrist, and his face looked as if it had been dragged backward through a briar patch. When he came to he saw the captain.

"By gosh, cap," he said, feebly, "that reminded me of home, only it was a darn sight wetter."

HONEST PHYSICIAN

Works with Himself First.

It is a mistake to assume that physicians are always skeptical as to the curative properties of anything else than drugs.

Indeed, the best doctors are those who seek to heal with as little use of drugs as possible and by the use of correct food and drink. A physician writes from Calif. to tell how he made a well man of himself with Nature's remedy:

"Before I came from Europe, where I was born," he says, "it was my custom to take coffee with milk (cafe au lait) with my morning meal, a small cup (cafe noir) after my dinner and two or three additional small cups at my club during the evening."

"In time nervous symptoms developed, with pains in the cardiac region, and accompanied by great depression of spirits, despondency—in brief, the blues!" I at first tried medicines, but got no relief and at last realized that all my troubles were caused by coffee.

I thereupon quit its use forthwith, substituting English Breakfast Tea.

"The tea seemed to help me at first, but in time the old distressing symptoms returned, and I quit it also, and tried to use milk for my table beverage. This I was compelled however to abandon speedily for while it relieved the nervousness somewhat, it brought on constipation. Then by a happy inspiration I was led to try the Postum Food Coffee. This was some months ago and I still use it. I am no longer nervous, nor do I suffer from the pains about the heart, while my 'blues' have left me and life is bright to me once more. I know that leaving off coffee and using Postum healed me, and I make it a rule to advise my patients to use it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

LOST IN WILD ALASKAN FOREST

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF CHICAGOAN AND COMPANION.

LIVED ON ROOTS OF PLANTS

The Two Men Pass Four Days in Wilderness Before They Discover Their Bearings and Return to Civilization.

Laporte, Ind.—Paul H. Seymour, of Chicago, formerly of this city, national president of the Young People's Sweden-Borgian (New Jerusalem) Church of America, is not dead, in spite of reports to the contrary. Word was received the other day that he was alive after passing through almost unparalleled hardships in the Klondike country. For four days he and a companion subsisted on roots of plants and many times despaired of ever again seeing civilization.

Mr. Seymour was sent out last spring by a dredging company at the head of a large party. He established his camp on Willow creek, a tributary of the Hootalliqua, many hundred miles north of Dawson City. One Saturday night it became necessary to return to Dawson, and with one companion Mr. Seymour started to walk from Willow creek to "Hundred-Mile" cabin, where they were to take the steamer down the Hootalliqua. Had they made the trip by water the distance would have been 200 miles, but, thinking to take a short cut, the pair started to tramp over the mountains, a distance of 25 miles through almost virgin wilderness. Expecting to make the trip in one day, they took no blankets and provisions enough for only two meals.

The first 18 miles were made in safety, and then the men became hopelessly lost, and for four days wandered in the woods. Finally they found a creek, and, believing it would prove a tributary of the Hootalliqua, decided to float down it. A raft was made of trees which they turned down, and which they fastened together with willow boughs. On this they set out. They had not gone far,



THEY WERE SWEEPED BY THE SWIFT CURRENT INTO THE BUSHES.

however, before they were caught in a swift current and swept into some bushes. In the overhanging branches of which they were caught, and lost their raft, themselves narrowly escaping drowning.

Tired, wet, hungry and disheartened, in a heavy rain they munched it through a marsh, and at length came to a lake. Thinking to find some outlet, they tramped around the water, only to find that it was a small body.

By this time Seymour's companion was thoroughly disheartened, and fell in his tracks. The pair held a consultation, and it was decided that Seymour should go on alone, in the hope of reaching the destination, and, if successful, should return and bring help for his companion. Undaunted, Seymour continued on his way, blazing a trail as he went through the trackless forest. For half a day he tramped, but without success.

When night fell he returned to his companion, and together they lay down in the rain under the trees and slept for the first time in three days. The sun was well up when they awoke. Gathering some wood, they made a fire and dried out their clothes, and then roasted some roots they had found. They had caught some rain water in their cups, and this with the roots constituted their breakfast.

Strengthened by their sleep, they started out together on their fourth day's tramp. Taking their bearings, they followed the direction in which they believed the Hootalliqua lay, and finally came to a river. Swimming this, they came to a hill, from the summit of which they saw their goal in the distance. The sight gave them new heart, and they immediately set out for the stream.

After a tramp of several hours down the banks the men came upon a scow, which they appropriated, and on which they floated down to "Hundred-Mile" cabin.

Changes to Indian in Sleep.

Trenton, N. J.—Mrs. Martha Lewis, a Mercer county woman, who is now a patient in St. Francis' hospital, this city, has been unconscious, during which time her body has been transformed into a perfect image of an Indian. Her color is now a deep copper hue and the features of her face have changed to those of the American aborigine. Previous to her illness she was comely and a pure Caucasian. Her eyes have also changed in appearance since the beginning of her illness.

LIFE AMONG THE SWEDES.

There Is a Big Difference in the Customs of America and Those of Sweden.

A barber will shave you for six cents—but you will have to wash your own face and comb your own hair.

Everybody trusts you and you are expected to trust everybody. This works well almost invariably, says a Stockholm letter in the Minneapolis Journal.

You never have a dispute with the cabman over the fare. A taximeter measures the distance you travel and shows what you owe at any minute.

You get a bill every day at the hotel. This permits you to correct any mistakes at once.

The hotel clerk wears a gorgeous uniform, is called a porter and is gratified for a 25-cent tip at any time.

Women shine your shoes, shave you, cut your hair and even give you a bath—unless you rebel. Men take off their hats when they meet men acquaintances and bow low.

Every third man has some kind of a uniform on.

Police salute the street car conductors and are saluted by them.

Everybody is excessively polite to every one else.

A servant who brings you something says "So good." You say "tack" (thanks).

You take off your hat when you enter a shop and return the shopman's low bow.

They don't believe in department stores. Every merchant sticks to his own line.

Although drinking is common, one seldom sees a drunken man.

The pavements are nearly all cobble and the carts running over them make a deafening din. The city is now experimenting with wooden blocks.

If you order ice water to drink you will be immediately "spotted" as an "Amerikansker."

Tips are everywhere given, but they are small. Ten ore (2½ cents) is the ordinary tip to a cabman or porter.

To a waiter you give ten per cent. of your bill.

The newspapers are numerous and widely read, but not at all up to American ideas. They are often very unwieldy in size. A Stockholm newspaper manager, when there is pressure of advertising, simply makes his pages longer, instead of more numerous.

They use no half-tone illustrations and pen-and-ink drawings of antique execution are considered very enterprising.

A lady always waits for a gentleman to speak, instead of the reverse as in America.

The comedians crack jokes on the rich Swedish-American who has come home to spend his money. The point of them usually is that he has forgotten how to talk Swedish and mixes his American up with it.

Society is so fond of grand opera that the season lasts from September 1 to June 1. The state furnishes the opera house and endows it. A government theater is also being built.

It is light all night in summer and dark all day in winter.

The pedestrian has no rights the driver is bound to respect. If run over it's his own fault and he may be sued for the damages, if any.

There are more telephones in proportion to the population than in any other city in the world. There is a phone in every shop and office and street kiosks containing instruments are numerous.

They are fond of long words. A plumber is called a "vattensledningsentreprenör"—or literally a waterpipe introducer.

Superstitions in Trifles.

Fishermen are, many of them, remarkably superstitious. For instance, in some fishing boats whistling is forbidden, and neither milk nor burnt bread is allowed on board. Even the name of that unlucky animal, the hare, may not be mentioned, and a common method of punishing an enemy is to throw a dead hare into his boat. Some fishermen believe in luck attending an odd-numbered crew, but the good fortune will be neutralized should one of the number have red hair.

THE MARKETS.

New York, Sept. 13, 1905.

Flour—Minnesota patent \$4.75@5.25. Wheat—No. 2 red 87½c.

Corn—No. 2 yellow 60½c. Oats—Clipped white 34@35c.

Hay—Dull. Cattle—No trading. Sheep—Steady at \$3.50@5.00, lambs \$5.75@7.25.

Hogs—None on sale.

Cleveland, Sept. 13.—Flour—Minnesota spring patent \$4.85@5.55.

Wheat—No. 2 red 85½c. Corn—No. 2 yellow 59½c.

Oats—No. 2 white 30¼c. Butter—Best creamery 22c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh 20@21c. Cheese—York state 12½@13c.

Potatoes—Best grades 55@60c. Hay—Choice timothy \$12.50.

Cattle—Choice steers \$5.00@5.40. Toledo, Sept. 13.—Wheat—Cash 84½c.

Corn—Cash 56c. Oats—Cash 28c.

Cloverseed—Cash \$6.47½.

East Buffalo, Sept. 13.—Cattle—Prime steers \$5.25@5.65, medium \$4.00@4.50.

Sheep—Wethers \$5.10@5.40, spring lambs \$7.00@7.25.

Hogs—Yorkers \$6.00, pigs \$5.75.

Pittsburg, Sept. 13.—Cattle—Choice steers \$5.40@5.65, good \$5.00@5.15.

Hogs—Heavy \$6.05@6.10, light Yorkers \$5.90@6.00.

Sheep—Best wethers \$5.10@5.25, spring lambs \$4.50@4.75.

THE PRINCE OF BUTLERS.

His Resourcefulness Saved His Mistress in an Awkward Situation.

The late Thomas Coldwell, the inventor of the lawn mower, was a great admirer of witty and alert persons.

At a dinner in New York Mr. Coldwell said of a famous millionaire:

"This man, through hard luck, once had to work as a butler. He made an excellent butler. Let me give you an instance of the sort of work he did."

"His mistress was giving a dinner party of 12 covers on a certain evening. One of the courses consisted of scalloped oysters in silver shells. The set of silver shells was broken—there were only 11."

"The mistress, therefore, told the butler that she would not eat any oysters, and thus there would be just enough to go around."

"The butler, when the oyster course came, placed before the lady one of the shells. To his horror, she did not decline it. Calmly she let it rest before her. If she started to eat it, one guest would be short of oysters. What was the matter with her, anyhow?"

"The butler watched her nervously. She took up her fork. She was actually about to plunge it into the dainty shell. Then the man, ever alert and ready, flew to her side and bent over her respectfully:

"Pardon me, madam," he murmured, "but you said I was to remind you that the doctor forbade your eating oysters on any account."

Impertinent Poet.

"Why," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "did your daughter break her engagement to that handsome young poet?"

"He insulted us," replied her hostess, as she carefully ran her fingers through the rings of a \$3.50 copy of "Squints and Glances."

"In a poem he wrote about her he said she had lambent eyes, and Josiah just wouldn't stand for that, because it was an insinuation about us getting rich in the meat business."—Chicago Record-Herald.

In Temptation's Way.

"This is the first time you have been to prayer-meeting in a long time," said the pastor of a colored congregation, to a colored man who had just come.

"I need strength," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I need strength 'n' I've got a job whitewashin' a chicken coop 'n' buildin' a fence around a watermelon patch."—Washington Star.

Cure to Stay Cured.

Wapello, Iowa, Sept. 11th, (Special).—One of the most remarkable cures ever recorded in Louisa County is that of Mrs. Minnie Hart of this place.

Mrs. Hart was in bed for eight months, and when she was able to sit up she was all drawn up on one side and could not walk across the room. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

Speaking of her cure Mrs. Hart says: "Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me after I was in bed for eight months, and I knew the cure was complete, for that was three years ago, and I have not been down since. In four weeks from the time I started taking them I was able to make my garden. Nobody can know how much I feel I owe to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

This case again points out how much the general health depends on the kidneys. Cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and nine-tenths of the suffering the human family is heir to will disappear.

After the rock-the-boat season is over the thought-it-was-a-deer season will open in the northern woods.—Chicago Chronicle.

All up-to-date housekeepers use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

An idea sometimes strikes a man when he is down.

A. N. K.—C 2091

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Chicago, September 2, 1905.—With the conclusion of peace negotiations at Portsmouth, and the early ratification of a treaty between Russia and Japan, the Chicago & North Western is understood to have ordered rushed to completion a large order for new equipment for the Overland Limited, their crack every-day-in-the-year train between Chicago and San Francisco. This in expectation of a large volume of traffic to and from the Pacific Coast, due to the immediate commercial expansion that is anticipated.

Where Music Doesn't Charm.

The office boy who thinks that he can make himself popular by whistling all the latest tunes to his employer while he works hasn't tact enough even to be appointed ambassador to England.—Somerville Journal.

Resourceful Woman.

He—What did you do with that tainted money your uncle gave you?
She—I salted it down, of course.—Detroit Free Press.

The helpful hen, with profits aggregating \$31,000,000 last year, wants all the world to know that she is the whole thing in the Missouri barnyard.

NOISES IN HER HEAD

Mrs. Reagan was a Nervous Wreck, But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Brought Sound Health.

"Before I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said Mrs. Mary Reagan, of No. 88 Kilburn street, Fall River, Mass., recently, "I was in and out of bed all the time, but now I stay up all day and do all my own work."

"I was badly run down from overwork. One day noises began in my head and almost made me crazy. My head felt as if a tight band had been put around it, and the pressure and the sounds made me so uneasy that I often had to walk the floor all night."

"My stomach was in bad shape, and I had smothering sensations. At such times my body seemed bloodless, my hands were like chalk and my face turned yellow. The doctor said I had dyspepsia in the worst form. Then my nerves gave way and I was completely prostrated. I frequently suffered from smothering sensations."

"The first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I used quieted my nerves so that I could get a good night's sleep, which was a new experience for me. Before I began to use them I was a nervous wreck and trembled at the slightest sound. I was so weak that I had to sit down and rest every few steps when I went up stairs. Now I can run up a whole flight at once. The smothering sensations have gone and the noises in my head have stopped entirely. My appearance has greatly improved, for friends who were alarmed on my account before, now say: 'How well you are looking!' My husband spent over a hundred dollars on treatment for me that was worthless, but a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought me sound health."

Sold by all druggists, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50 by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes have by their excellent style, easy fitting, and superior wearing qualities, achieved the largest sale of any \$3.50 shoe in the world. They are just as good as those that cost you \$5.00 to \$7.00—the only difference is the price. If I could take you into my factory at Brockton, Mass., the largest in the world under one roof making men's fine shoes, and show you the care with which every pair of Douglas shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the best shoes produced in the world.

If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makes, you would understand why Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoes on the market to-day.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, \$2.50, \$2.00, Boys' School & Dress Shoes, \$2.50, \$2.15, \$1.50. CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. Name genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom.

WANTED.—A shoe dealer in every town